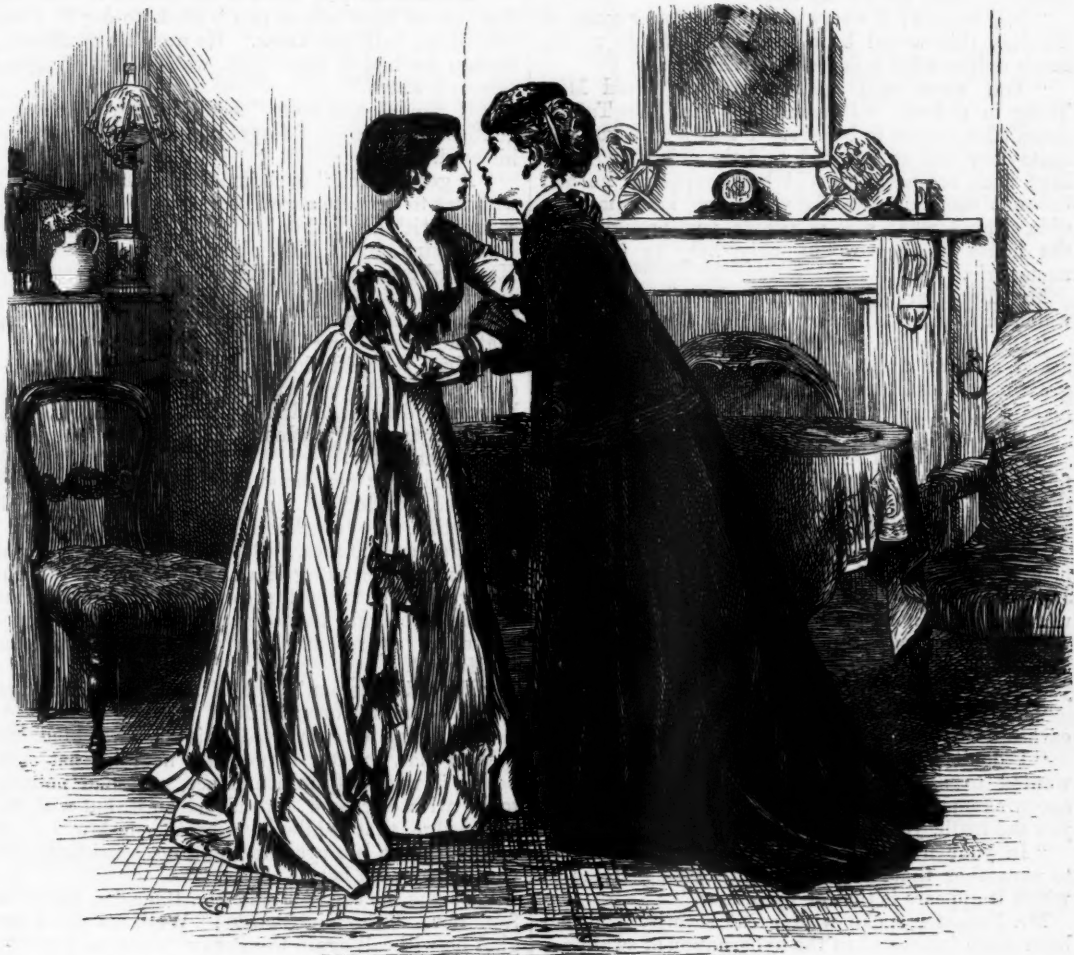


THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Copper.*



EMMET TAFFILET AND MARY TRAFFORD.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

CHAPTER XXIX. —MISS TRIGG ON THE ROCKS AGAIN.

"BROTHER BANASTER," said Miss Trigg after the company had departed, "who is that young man?"

"Mr. John Trafford, ma'am, of Callisthon," said Mr. Banaster.

"Callisthon? I never heard of the place," said Miss Trigg.

"Very likely not, ma'am; it is only a farm at some distance from this place."

"A farm! then Miss Taffilet was right—he is a farmer's son."

"Did Miss Taffilet tell you so? Then most probably she thought she was right."

"Oh, yes, she said it in such a tone; she even said something like wishing she had not come," said Miss Trigg.

"Well, ma'am, no doubt her feelings were tried: what with your setting so little value on your crest as not to know it, and the presence of a person whom she doubted worthy of one at all."

"Tried, brother Banaster; you are very merciful to her. If I had shown half the ill-temper she did when I said I thought he was a friend of hers, wouldn't you have let me know your thoughts about it! She's the proudest woman I ever saw, and very disagreeable."

"The proudest woman you ever saw, ma'am, could hardly help being disagreeable; pride, in whatever form it appears, is as difficult to bear with as it is unbecoming, and hateful in the sight of God."

"Proper pride is all very well," said Miss Trigg, who did not choose to go beyond her own grievance in her condemnation of the vice. "There is a proper sense of what is due to you, and I don't blame anybody for having that."

"No, ma'am; if every one had a proper sense of his due, this would be a meek and humble world, much unlike what it is," said Mr. Banaster.

"You never will answer straight," said Miss Trigg in a fret. "I mean to say that Miss Tafflet doesn't know how to behave. I can assure you she quite flew out at me, and said she didn't know we kept such company. I told her I supposed he had brought some creature for you to see, and that you didn't mind what sort of people you brought into the house if they would only help to fill your menagerie."

Mr. Banaster compared the timepiece with his watch in silence.

"Oh, it's quite right," said Miss Trigg. "I asked a man, a sort of gentleman, that brought a great many dead birds here while you were out, and he said it was mail time."

"Dead birds!" exclaimed Mr. Banaster.

"Yes; swallows, I think he said; they were found in a hole in the cliff somewhere, and he thought you would like to see them."

"And you sent him away?" asked Mr. Banaster.

"Yes, Mr. Banaster, I did; I told him we had plenty of live swallows that were the plague of Janet's life, stopping up the spouts and spoiling the windows as soon as they were cleaned; and if you wanted dead ones, you might easily tell the gardener to shoot them—and I hope you will: I have asked you till I'm tired."

"Will he call again, ma'am?" asked Mr. Banaster earnestly.

"I don't know, indeed; I couldn't suppose you wanted to see dead swallows, so I gave him no encouragement. I was afraid if he stayed, to tell you the truth, you would bring him in to dinner."

"In your next strictures on pride, ma'am, please to remember that one of the most trying forms in which it appears is that of ignorance."

Mr. Banaster spoke with great severity: he had been much interested in the hybernation of swallows, and a friend residing on the coast had promised, if any in a torpid state were discovered near him, to send them to him. No doubt this person, with a full account of their finding, was the messenger of his friend, and had been turned away by Miss Patience Trigg with as much disgust as she felt for his sleeping swallows.

Once more she trembled; the excitement of the day had carried her with a full sail on to the rocks again; that thoroughly wintry look in a face on which some summer gilding always shone was not to be mistaken. She was afraid to apologise, afraid to hope the man would call again, afraid almost of looking at her offended brother-in-law.

Mr. Banaster never weakened an impression by a second stroke. Leaving his advice to sink into the smitten heart of Miss Patience Trigg, he bowed a stately bow and left the room.

"Now, isn't this provoking?" she exclaimed. "After all I have done this day, and the credit everything went off with—and no thanks—only to be snubbed and scolded just about dead swallows!"

"No, Mullins, nothing more," she said in a melancholy tone, as Mullins came meekly in to know if he should be wanted again that night. "You did very well, Mullins, extremely well. I am quite satisfied with you," said Miss Trigg.

"Thank you, mum," said the delighted Mullins.

"Mullins, do you know what became of the man that called here about two o'clock to-day? I met him in the hall, you know. He wasn't a gentleman, though he had a good gold watch; but everyone carries a watch."

"If you please, mum," said Mullins, "he was a gentleman from—I forget where, but he gave me his card."

"A gentleman!" exclaimed Miss Trigg. "Well, who was to suppose a gentleman would go about the country with dead birds?"

"I think, mum, he's about like master in that. He asked ever so many questions about our swallows, Janet said."

"Where is his card?" asked Miss Trigg, feeling that she was getting deeper into trouble.

Mullins retired to his pantry. In the hurry of the day he had forgotten to give it to his master when he returned from his drive. He brought it to Miss Trigg, saying the gentleman had told Janet he would call the next day.

"Certainly a gentleman," said the penitent sister Patience, looking at the card. "Well, if they all dress alike, who is to know one man from another?"

"Brother Banaster," she said, knocking softly at his door, and speaking in a humble tone, "I thought you would like to see the card that person left; he will be here again to-morrow, and then I will apologise for saying anything disagreeable about the swallows."

"Walk in, ma'am," said Mr. Banaster, who was sitting before his open Bible.

Miss Trigg felt comforted; his voice was kind, but beyond that, she felt a protector near in that open book; it was a vague confidence, and had nothing to do with her own dependence on it, but with the knowledge that while her brother-in-law had it spread before his eyes he could not consistently be very angry with her.

"This is the card?" said Mr. Banaster, taking it from her. "Captain Charde! Well, ma'am, I am glad he will call again to-morrow, when, as you say, we can apologise for his unbecoming reception to-day. He is one of my oldest friends, and most acceptable to me at all times."

Mr. Banaster's urbanity had quite returned, though he was still serious, and Miss Trigg ventured further on the strength of it.

"I hope, brother Banaster, you thought things went off well," she said.

"Yes, ma'am, very well," he replied.

"I am glad. You see we should have been fourteen without Mr. Alan Stapylton, if that Mr. Trafford had come earlier, shouldn't we?" she said in a tone that showed there was more to come.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Banaster, looking down

as if his book were waiting for him and he wanted to attend its call.

"What brought him, brother Banaster—something of the kind I said, I dare say?" said Miss Trigg in her idea of archness.

"No, ma'am; he came on business which I cannot talk about now. It grows late, and we must be early at breakfast to-morrow, as he is coming again to see me."

"Good night, brother Banaster," said Miss Trigg, coming a little nearer and putting out her hand. "I'm very sorry I offended you."

"Don't name it, don't name it, Patience," he replied, with his benevolent smile in full play, as he shook her hand heartily. "We all make mistakes now and then, and as soon as we can see we are wrong, and give hope of amendment by confession and repentance, there is no more to be said."

"He is a good fellow, he certainly is a good fellow; I had no business, of course, to turn off that Captain Charde. But, Captain! why, he looked like a common man, all but his watch, in fact, very much like that young fellow Miss Tafflet was so ashamed of, and really, for a set-up thing like her, it is no wonder she was ashamed."

But Mr. Banaster's forbearance had the happy effect of restraining Miss Trigg's dislike and condemnation. She tried to make allowances for her ill behaviour; she forced herself to confess that there would be no harm in Alan Stapylton if it were not for Mr. Keriol's putting him up to injure her friends, and then she was compelled to extend the mantle of peace and goodwill over the offending Keriol himself. After all, if he thought his ward had a right to Dasset, though he was mistaken, no one could wonder that he did his best for him. As to the rest of the company, she was quite satisfied with them; and as her beautiful dress hung in the open wardrobe, she felt a lively approbation of Madame La Mode, saying to herself, "Honor! shall see that the first time I go there."

The next day John Trafford was the first in the breakfast-room, and Miss Trigg did the reception honours with all condescension. The morning was spent in Mr. Banaster's study. The letter of Captain Greenlaw, which the old lady had searched for and discovered in her cedar box, and given to John as a help to confirming his new friend's statements, was very important; it authenticated beyond doubt the fact of John Gayton's death as described by Tarvit; the corroborating evidence being as undisputed as it was clear and full—that is, on the supposition that John Gayton and John Jack were the same individual.

"I have a friend coming here on business to-day," said Mr. Banaster, "or I should very much like to take you with me to a place in the neighbourhood where I might pick up some information."

John declared himself entirely at his disposal, only stipulating that he should return to Boulderstow before night to advertise his friends of his progress, as they were expecting him.

"Ay," said Mr. Banaster, smiling, "or you will give the old gentleman a fit of dyspepsia."

"Please, sir," said Mullins, knocking at the door. "Captain Charde is here, sir."

"Show him up," said Mr. Banaster, and a plain-looking man, with red hair and whiskers, entered.

Mr. Banaster stared at him in some surprise. "From Captain Charde!" he said.

"Yes, I am from Captain Charde," said the visitor.

Mr. Banaster made some remark on the uncourteous dismissal he had received the day before, secretly feeling that sister Patience had some excuse in the rough exterior of the captain's emissary.

John's position was becoming rather awkward; the red-headed stranger looked at him continuously, and whatever he said about swallows or Captain Charde, seemed most occupied with him. "He has private business," thought John. Fancying also that Mr. Banaster was getting perplexed how to manage both at once, he said, "Shall I ride back this morning, and return to-morrow, or to-night?"

Mr. Banaster hesitated.

"I have a good deal to say about these birds," said the messenger.

"Be sure you don't break in on one o'clock," said Mr. Banaster, smiling, and John took his departure.

"Now, then, take off that wig," said Mr. Banaster, when he had slid the bolt after letting John out. "I didn't know you at first, nor should I have found you out at all, had it not been for your manner, and that being on the hunt after a mystery, I am always ready for a surprise; what has brought you?"

"Did you ever see such a likeness, sir?" said Tarvit, removing his wig.

"No, it is very strong; but what brought you?" again Mr. Banaster asked. "And how came you by this?" showing the card.

Tarvit replied that he had been on the coast waiting till he could arrange to leave the country, and expecting to hear from him; that he had worked for Captain Charde, and that finding he was going to send Mr. Banaster some torpid swallows discovered in the cliff, he had volunteered to convey them.

"I was obliged to get Meg Rowans to buy these for me," he said, pointing to his red hair, "for she says that old man has stopped the pay, and sent to know where I am to be found, and offered well for finding me; and it is time I should get off—I wouldn't fall into his hands for all his money."

"Do you know the name of Greenlaw?" asked Mr. Banaster.

"Know it? yes I do, well," said Tarvit.

Mr. Banaster handed the old letter to him.

"You see, you see, there's proof rising on all hands," said Tarvit, "but here's another good reason why I cannot stay in this country."

Mr. Banaster looked at the letter.

"It's true what I told you and what he says here; I took away everything, and it's all gone, I can't make a penny of it good."

"That may be arranged," said Mr. Banaster, "keep quiet, I have put your affairs in train, and I think you will be safe out of all your fears. With regard to your robbery of your master, your assistance in restoring his son to his rights may, in some measure, atone for that."

"And now I don't see that there is any more to be said on the business," he remarked, after having arranged for Tarvit's proceedings, talked over the evidence of Captain Greenlaw, and given the case his full attention in every particular. "And now, Tarvit, about these swallows, where are they? and when and how and where were they found? Tell me all about it, and put on your wig again, that I may open the door for Mullins to bring them in."

Tarvit obeyed, and the next hour Mr. Banaster devoted to examining the swallows, reading the account

transmitted with them, and noting down the additional particulars given by Tarvit, who seemed almost chagrined at so much attention being given to such a very trivial business, while one of so much moment was filling him with anxious thought.

"Ah," said Mr. Banaster, referring to the paper, "that is exactly similar to Peter Collinson's account; but then he got his information second-hand; now, what I want is to be able to get it direct—did *you*, you yourself, Tarvit—why Tarvit, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, as he saw the rueful face before him.

"Why, sir, this is the matter: I can't afford to be spending my time here. I came to tell you that old Mr. Presgrave is on the hunt after me, and I dare not be found. Till you can say for certain the matter is made right, I won't give him a chance to transport, or, maybe, hang me; he's not the one to lose a chance when it comes in his way, and I must look to myself."

"I have told you that I have put your affairs in train," said Mr. Banaster. "Your evidence will be of great importance, perhaps absolutely necessary, in the case of your master's son—if he is his son; and you may think yourself happy to be able to make that compensation for your behaviour."

"But you see, sir, money is all a-going, and I shan't have enough to pay out myself and the child, and make anything of a living when I get there," said Tarvit.

"Oh, be easy on that score," said Mr. Banaster; "but Miss Trigg said you had a good gold watch with you—that doesn't look like poverty."

Tarvit coloured and was silent.

"I suppose it's gold colour," said Mr. Banaster, smiling.

"No, sir, it's gold," said Tarvit, "it was master's own, and he gave it me when he was dying, and said, 'Tarvit, never part with it,' and I thought I would mind him in that, so, whatever I've wanted, I've never let this go, and without you say it's my duty to give it up I never will."

"Let me look at it," said Mr. Banaster.

Tarvit took out the watch, and delivered it to him.

Mr. Banaster examined it carefully, looked at the maker's name and the number, and, to Tarvit's amazement, locked it up in the drawer. "This may be very important evidence: when it has done its work, you shall have it again," he said. "Now understand once for all that you will not leave the country till this case is settled, nay, that you will keep in sight."

"I don't know where to go," said Tarvit, moodily. "I don't depend on the old woman; if she could make more by betraying me than shielding me, she'd do it, I believe."

Mr. Banaster reflected. "You shall stay here," he said; "I have several alterations that I wish to make in my arrangements in this room and another in which I have less slightly and convenient things. I will employ you to work for me. Go now, and return soon without that red hair; you won't be known for the same person, and you will pass safely for a new occasional workman in my employ, and until I can dispose of you elsewhere."

Tarvit looked at his wig and whiskers with apparent regret.

"If you suspect your wife's mother," said Mr. Banaster, "you know you put yourself in her power by wearing those—they mark you for detection; but in your natural appearance there is nothing to strike

any one, and as you will all the day be confined to these two rooms you will be perfectly safe."

Tarvit saw the truth of this, and grievously as he disliked the thought of detention, which he feared might end in his capture, he was fain to submit.

When John Trafford returned that evening to Fothergill, he found a grey-headed man in a plain working dress, busy in moving and cleaning and otherwise operating on the paraphernalia of Mr. Banaster's menagerie.

"Brother Banaster?" said Miss Trigg.

"Ma'am?" said Mr. Banaster.

"Is that man you have hired likely to be here long?"

"I cannot positively say, ma'am," he replied.

"Because—really, I don't wish to make complaints, but I have wanted alterations in the store-room a long time, and you seemed to think the noise in the house of hammering was not necessary; now certainly, if we are of more consequence than your creatures in that place, the store-room is as well worth looking to as their nests and cases."

"Yes, ma'am, when he has finished for me you shall have him in the store-room," said Mr. Banaster.

"Very well, Mr. Banaster, and I hope," said Miss Trigg, encouraged by the concession, "I hope you will tell him to keep the places safe and not let any of those dreadful little creatures out, like those beetles that you set such store by in the summer, brother Banaster, that were let loose, and came crawling about all over the house."

"If anything is found walking about the house now, ma'am, I can only beg you will direct that it is brought back again," said Mr. Banaster.

CHAPTER XXX.—A MEETING PLEASANT AS STRANGE.

"MR. KERIOL," said Miss Taffilet, on the morning after the party, "I don't see that I can be of any further use with respect to your ward, in whom I am much interested; but we cannot always do as we desire, you know, and I think I must return home, for the present, at any rate; I will certainly come forward when the case is tried, and give my evidence with the greatest pleasure."

What had happened? there was a change in his guest's voice and look that he could not account for.

"I hoped to get you and your niece to go to Barons Dasset, not to *call*, but to see the place; I should very much like you to see it, but more particularly I should wish to show it to Miss Emmet," he said.

"Emmet, Mr. Keriol, I am ashamed to say, has no more feeling in such things than a house sparrow, that would build its nest as happily on the eaves of a barn as in the stones of the oldest castle in England!"

"That shows great simplicity of heart," said Keriol, smiling.

"It shows—it shows—I know what it shows! and I mean to tell her presently all about it," said Miss Taffilet, looking pale with agitation.

Mr. Keriol saw that a storm was rising. What could be the matter? He used all the persuasives he was master of to make her change her mind and remain at least a few days longer; she had more reasons for going than he could offer for detaining her, and it was settled that the return to Lee Point should take place on the following day.

"I have been to try to execute your commission this morning," Keriol observed; "I have called on

young Mr. Trafford, and I find that he remained at Fothergill last night, and that he has paid a brief visit to his friends here, and gone back to Fothergill for an indefinite time."

"Is that really the case?" inquired Miss Tafflet.

"Really, the old people told me so," said Keriol; "I went not only on your account, but to get possession of some papers which the old lady had preserved, happily, and which are most conclusive on the subject of Alan's parentage."

"Old family records?" inquired Miss Tafflet, looking interested.

"Letters addressed by parties to Rose Tarvit, the person who brought him over; also a curious document containing the initials of Richard Stapylton and his wife, beautifully illuminated, which was in the front of a book given to her by her mistress during her illness, and presented by her to the old lady with a shrine, as curiosities, in consideration of her hospitable kindness to her, no doubt."

"Ah, interesting, I dare say," said Miss Tafflet.

"Valuable, I think; but I don't like to intrude on your time to examine them, as you have decided on going so soon," said Keriol.

Miss Tafflet did not answer this, but asked what would be the best "reward" she could leave behind her for "that young man."

Keriol suggested several things.

"That," she objected to one, "would seem as if I regarded him in the light of a friend;" and to another, "That would be giving an impression that he was of superior rank; I should give *that* to a gentleman."

Keriol was perplexed, and seemed to think she must fix on her own present.

"Money, Mr. Keriol, money. He is going away immediately, I hear, and money will be very useful; I will be guided entirely by you in fixing the sum, and I am sure you will be so good as to give it, with my assurances, that I am—as much obliged to him as I possibly can be."

Mr. Keriol assented, wondering at the evident acrimony with which she expressed gratitude.

"And, as you say," Miss Tafflet began, but checked herself, and began again,—“as you are so kind as to wish us to remain longer, we will put off going till the day after to-morrow, and examine those papers to-day, and if you wish to take us to Barons Dasset, I should enjoy seeing it. I won't answer for my niece."

Poor Emmet! she was in great disgrace; she had been tried a little beyond her patience that morning by Aunt Abigail's very contemptuous dissertation on what she called John's audacity in obtruding himself upon society where he was quite out of place, and her replies had strongly savoured of sympathy with the insulted dignity of the Traffords, rather than with the outraged blood of the Tafflets. Miss Tafflet would not, could not allow it to herself even, that there was any design on the part of the yeoman to carry off a Tafflet; much less could she charge Emmet with it; but in her heart she suspected that the blood of the illustrious Nathan flowed so feebly in the veins of her unworthy niece as to make it probable she might be carried off with very little trouble. So she determined, after a stern harangue, which made her own head ache, but left Emmet's heart untouched, that she would not remain in the town where it was possible to meet with him, more than twenty-four hours longer.

Alan Stapylton, who distinctly saw how matters stood with the ladies, decided at once on his own part it was plain that "Miss Tafflet-the-less" preferred John to him (in spite of his boots), and although, when he looked at his own, and considered himself as a whole, he a little pitied her taste, he entirely forgave her. "She has known him a long time, and he saved her life," he thought; "quite enough to make up for any little deficiencies." So he determined to act as her champion, and, whenever he could, come between her and Aunt Abigail's fire. Moreover, he so comported himself as to show that his attentions were purely those of a friend.

"Going to Dasset to-morrow? Charming fun! it's a capital old place. I only wish we could see the old people: they are very starved at a lunch, though, so we shall lose nothing that way." With this remark he offered to drive Emmet out, while her aunt and Mr. Keriol were investigating the papers, and Miss Tafflet, knowing that the enemy was away, was well pleased with the arrangement. "What a nice couple they would make," she thought, with a sigh, as they drove off, and she watched them through the window; "but as to Emmet, I give her up; I am afraid she will never come to any good—never!"

"We must go through the town," said Alan; "you won't mind that? There is a capital drive when we get to the end of this part of it."

Emmet was perfectly indifferent to town or country, and as she had found out, by a little ingenious questioning, that John was not there, she looked with indifference at the people and things they met and passed.

"I must call here," said Alan; "I have a note to leave from H. R. H."

"H. R. H.?" said Emmet.

"Only one of the styles of Daddy Keriol," said Alan, laughing. "Here, my Lilliput," he called to a little boy, "knock at that door."

The Lilliput looked at him with an expression of debate, and said, "I aint yourn, and that aint my name."

"No, you are your mother's," said Alan, "and as to your name, you may fix that for yourself; only knock and be quick."

The boy, satisfied that he was breaking a lance with a brother in arms, grinned and knocked such a salute that two faces were soon seen at the window.

"Mary!" cried Emmet.

Alan did not hear her, and the little maid-of-all-work opening the door, he threw the note to her, and drove on, and they were half way down the street before she had power to express her surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Stapylton, I would have given the world to stop at that house!" she exclaimed.

"Why?" he said; "he's not there—the hero of a hundred fights, I mean."

"Mary is there. I saw her at the window," she cried.

"Which was Mary? I saw two faces: one had spectacles on. Was that Mary?"

"Oh, Mary is a girl the same age as her brother," said Emmet.

"Oh, I see; that is the family halting-place, I presume. The note was for your friend, who is therefore, I imagine, expected to return there." ("Poor fellow," he thought, "no wonder he is dispirited as to fashions, if those are his town quarters.")

"I knew he had friends somewhere in the town, but he didn't tell me Mary was coming down," said Emmet; "I would give the world to see her."

"Now that's a feeler," said Alan. "Speak out and say, *Drive back, that's a good fellow.*"

"Oh, if you would," said Emmet.

"Now, I'll tell you," said Alan, "this horse is very fresh. My good papa Keriol won't stint his establishment in anything but work, and this Rosinante has been corned and kept idle till she doesn't know how to behave; that's what made me enlist the services of that young Englishman (who was worthy of London for impudence), instead of getting out and trusting you with the ribands; so let me get a few miles out of him, and quiet him down a bit, and then we'll go back, and you shall have a *tête-à-tête* with Mary, when I'll be bound you won't say a word about me."

Emmet declared she would tell Mary she had met with one of the very kindest of friends, and praise him up to the skies.

"That's right. Is she like him?"

"Very much," said Emmet.

"Not about the boots?" said Alan. "Why, if he had not been worth something, he would have dropped through with those boots, my Taffilet minor."

Emmet laughed, and said John and Mary had not been used to think much of fashion; their heads were full of things of more consequence.

"Oh, I see; they go in for books and work and proper things of that sort," said Alan. "I never did. 'Live while you live,' that's my motto."

"But what you call life would be death to them," said Emmet. "It would, indeed," she cried, as he fixed his eyes on her in surprise.

"Death!" he exclaimed. "Well, we won't quarrel, but at any rate I'm not buried alive like poor Miss Mary at this present moment. Why, that room isn't bigger than a horse-box, I should think."

Emmet couldn't answer for the room, but the rest of the drive passed in her describing the life of Mary at Callisthon, and the vigour and determination with which John had seized and pursued every advantage presented to him.

"Oh, he's a first-rate fellow! I saw that at the first," said Alan, "and I don't wonder at your letting him wear your colours; but I don't go in for his sort of thing. There now, I think we have taken toll of Druid (I gave him that name because it brought him in so well in my riddle. I'll write that riddle out for you: it's one of my best). So now we'll besiege the two damsels at the window, only let me beg you won't send the spectacles out to me while you are talking to Mary."

Emmet promised with a laugh to be obedient to orders, and very soon found herself, beyond her hopes, alone with her friend. Such explanations, and in such hurry and confusion, so much to tell on both sides, and Mary expecting the old gentleman, who was gone for a constitutional, every moment to interrupt, and Emmet feeling vexed to trespass so long on Alan's good nature. The main theme was John's heroism, and Mary was more than once on the point of letting out the true cause of his not allowing himself to be seen.

"Surely they are coming. I cannot ask you to stay," said Mary, going to the window and looking down the street. "The old gentleman is nervous to-day. John rather flurried him by coming this morning after he had given him up, and I quite disturbed

his quiet by taking them so entirely by surprise. I think if he finds a stranger here when he comes back, he will give himself up to despair, and think he is never to be at peace any more."

"But you have scarcely told me anything," said Emmet. "Can you call on me to-morrow? Do. I must not stay, for my kind friend Mr. Stapylton is all this time sitting in the cold, and, fine as the day is, it is cold to sit there doing nothing."

Mary naturally looked again through the window. She had not noticed Alan when she was on the watch for her friends.

"Is that Mr. Stapylton?" she asked. "He looks very kind."

"He is delightful," said Emmet, hastening away. "I wish I could introduce him to you, but if you will call on me to-morrow. Oh, to-morrow! I quite forgot. To-morrow we are going to see a place in the country, and the next day we go home."

"Then it is a clear case of our not meeting again unless we go to Callisthon for a few days before we sail, and really our time is very short," said Mary.

Emmet would have been glad indeed to be able to tell her that John had given her to understand the uncertainty of their sailing at all; but he had told her that he had left Mary in ignorance of their change of plans, and, at present, meant her to remain so. She felt a little rising delight in having been admitted to his confidence, and would not abuse it for worlds, so she only smiled and asked her to wait while she asked Mr. Stapylton at what hour they would go on the following day.

Alan listened all the time Emmet was questioning him, keeping his eyes on the window where Mary stood, watching the result of the inquiry.

"You know, if you had a headache to-morrow, you needn't go at all," he said.

"But I never have headaches," said Emmet.

"What a sensible girl you are!" he exclaimed.

"Then I don't know how to appoint, for I am not in the secret of the hour; but suppose I offer to drive you, and you agree to it? then we can follow the old chariot with its venerable insides at our own pleasure, and if Mary is half as pleasant to talk to as she is to look at, we will take the pony phaeton and give her a seat, and you may talk then till you have finished, if that time ever happens between young ladies."

This seemed a happy arrangement, and Emmet overruled all her friend's objections as to obtruding herself on Miss Taffilet, and by Alan's special request, bade her be ready, hat in hand, to start at any time after breakfast that he might call for her.

"What a nice girl she seems. She's like your Philander; is she your sort of thing—sensible, no sentimentals, and never has headaches?"

"Yes, quite," said Emmet, laughing.

"Does she go in for riddles?"

Emmet couldn't answer for that.

"What brought her here?" he inquired. "You didn't expect her."

"Not in the least," said Emmet, and then she related what Mary had told her; that a gentleman in London had urged her to come down at once with a letter to her brother, and that she was much disappointed to find he had been at the house and had left it about two hours before her arrival.

"But he will be here again to-morrow or the next day, certainly," she added.

"And you are going into banishment?" he said,

looking at her with an expression of concern through his laugh.

"Yes, I suppose we shall go," said Emmet.

"Now, if I were he—but I dare say he's up to things; does he know you are going so soon?"

"He will know it, I have told Mary," said Emmet.

"Mary," said Alan, musingly. "I like that name, it sounds good-tempered."

"Oh, she is very good-tempered," said Emmet.

"And goes in for books and that sort of thing like her brother?"

"Pretty well," said Emmet, "but she is not at all scholar-like—not like John; in fact, I don't think she is much wiser that way than I am."

"Hurrah! three to one on Mary, then," said Alan laughing, as they drove up to Mr. Keriol's door; "she shall certainly come with us to-morrow."

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

WE are indebted to Mr. Goldwin Smith for the photograph from which our view of Ithaca is taken—a town which, as the paradise of poor scholars, seems likely to hand down its classical name with added lustre. While we are still debating in this country as to the best means of securing a cheap university education, or the possibility of "passing through college for nothing," an attempt is there being made to combine the highest studies with the ordinary arts by which men live, and to make the latter in the hands of the poorest student suffice to secure him the opportunities of instruction.

The Cornell University, which was opened not a year ago, and which is still too incomplete to invite many members, has already shown that its objects are within reach of the classes hitherto excluded from all college privileges. The latest report tells of one industrious lad taking the highest prizes in the scientific course and in German, who had supported himself during his studies by earning a porter's wages in one of the University buildings. Another, whose average standing in all branches exceeded that of any other member of the University, combined the duties of student, librarian's assistant, and waiter at the students' table. There is work also, we are told, about the farm and grounds for all who want to do it, at a fixed sum per hour. Still better, perhaps, there is an opening for mechanics and skilled artisans, who, while following their respective crafts, can at the same time pursue any branch of learning for which they have a fancy. There are carpenters working early and late with the chisel and plane, and going to class with the young men of independent means. There are masons, plasterers, cabinet-makers, painters, farmers, who come to the recitation rooms fresh from the manual tasks by which they earn their subsistence, and printers who set type at all spare hours in the Ithaca printing offices, or the rooms of the University press. There are two workmen from England who have even built themselves a cottage in the intervals of their studies. And, as might have been supposed, the young men of this industrious, energetic, persevering class generally rank among the most successful of the students.

Some account of this new University, representing the last great experiment in education, may fitly supplement that which we recently gave of the older American institutions ("Leisure Hour" for June).

The founder, whose name it bears, has himself a remarkable history; and we cannot do better than give a place in these pages to the narrative prepared from special sources for the "Daily News."

Ezra Cornell was the son of a farmer in humble circumstances. He was born in Massachusetts, but removed early with his family to Central New York. They belonged to the Hicksite, or rationalistic, branch of the Quaker Society. At an early age Ezra showed considerable mechanical ability, and particularly made himself useful to the neighbours in advising and assisting at the construction of mills, dams, tunnels for water, and small bridges. Among other things, he invented a plough, which he took to Washington to have patented.

This was about the period when the movement for the establishment of electric telegraphs was beginning in the United States, and Congress had just made a contract with a Mr. Smith for laying down a subterranean wire between the capital and Baltimore. When Cornell entered the Patent Office with his plough, he found Mr. Smith engaged with the officials in trying to plan some instrument for scooping the earth for a leaden tube which was to contain the wire. After taking the contract, Smith had found he would lose money on it unless he could by some mechanical contrivance avoid the labour of hand necessary to make a small ditch for more than forty miles between the two cities. The chief patent officer said it could not be done; whereupon Cornell, who had been attentively listening to the discussion, now advanced, and said that he could do the needed work with the assistance of his new plough. At first incredulous, Smith finally was sufficiently impressed by the invention to agree to furnish the means for the construction of a good plough of the kind designed, and of a reel which Cornell proposed to attach to it, from which the leaden pipe and wire were to be laid. While in Washington, at this time, Cornell was in such straitened circumstances that he sometimes went dinnerless; what little money he did have he was saving up with the utmost care.

Having constructed his plough and reel, he attached two horses to it, and began driving them himself. The contrivance worked perfectly; but by the time he had laid some ten or twelve miles, his inventive mind had already discovered that the air, and not the earth, was the true path for a telegraph wire. Convinced of this, he speedily returned to Washington, and easily impressed Smith with the fact that he was undergoing unnecessary expense in making the telegraph subterranean. "But," said the contractor, "a certain time has been named in my contract by which the line is to be ready for use; how am I to excuse myself to the members of Congress for the delay, and induce them to extend the time and alter the plan?" "Leave that to me," said Cornell, "and you shall have a blundering agent on whom to throw the blame." The next day the information was received by Smith that the horses had run aside into a rock, the pipe and wire had been snapped, with a further catalogue of casualties which made an extension of time necessary. In obtaining his further concession, Smith had no difficulty in also altering the plan, and substituting poles and wire for ditch and pipe. He was now intrusted with the supervision of the construction of a line on the new principle, and took his pay for all he had done in telegraph stock.

The stock was at the time very cheap, for people generally had as yet little faith in the project; but Cornell saw the great future of the telegraph, managed to get employment in the construction of other lines, and, still sacrificing his dinners, invested all wages and what means he could scrape together in these various enterprises. When the lines began to pay dividends, he re-invested all his gains; he gradually became one of the largest holders of telegraph stock; and by this means became one of the wealthiest men in America.

Never has any American accumulated wealth in which the country has had more reason to rejoice. In studying, as he did most thoroughly, the whole subject of telegraphy, mechanics, and engineering, Cornell had met everywhere with great difficulties. The library of the Patent Office contained then comparatively few works of value on such subjects, and these were often removed by persons jealous of the young man's increasing importance in the companies that were being formed. He found admission to the Congressional Library, where, however, he was compelled to pick up from miscellaneous works the special information he required. No sooner had he become rich, than his mind conceived the idea of providing some means by which young men should be able to educate themselves thoroughly according to the bent of their minds, without such annoyances and impediments as those which he had encountered, and without the need of pecuniary independence to obtain it. He went to reside at Ithaca, a small but thriving town in New York State, where he had been brought up, and where he was held in the warmest esteem by all. Anxious that the University which he had already shaped out in his own mind should be a State University, he easily obtained an election to the Legislature of the State—a modest demand to make to a constituency which would have gladly conferred upon him far higher honours—for the purpose of working upon that body until his object should be attained.

Circumstances played into his hands admirably. Several years before, the United States Congress, after an agitation concerning the subject of agricultural and mechanical education, had passed an act distributing grants of land belonging to the nation to the various States, the proportion allotted to each based upon its number of representatives, to be used strictly for the purposes of practical education. Under this act the State of New York received, in 1862, scrip representing 990,000 acres of government lands. There was at once a great squabble in the State as to what should be the disposition of this important grant. There were plans to divide it between many little colleges, and many other plans. Mr. Cornell at once advocated the division of the means obtainable from the property into two equal parts—one half to be devoted to small colleges throughout the State, and the other to the foundation of a great central State University.

At this time the matter attracted the interest of Professor Andrew D. White, who was connected with the University of Michigan. Professor White was a native of that part of New York where Mr. Cornell resided, and himself possessed great wealth, which he was devoting in many ways to educational purposes. He also had conceived the idea of an American University different from any that existed. The agitation concerning the disposal of the large educational grant in New York, induced him to

resign his professorship in the West, and return to his native State. He also easily obtained a seat in the Legislature, where he sat at the elbow of Ezra Cornell, who found in him a powerful reinforcement. Professor White persuaded Cornell that the right way was to preserve the grant as it was, without division, and to devote it all to the erection of a great American University of the kind that both of them agreed was necessary. Cornell had proposed that if the money was divided into two parts, and one of them devoted to such a University as he had sketched, he would add to this second fund 300,000 dollars from his own purse. "No," said White, "ask all." "Then," said Cornell in the Legislature, "if you will give the entire fund for the erection in Central New York of a great American University, I will add to it half a million from my private means." This proposal was not accepted, however, without much controversy on the part of others, who had hoped to obtain a moiety of the grant.

When the act for the establishing of the new University—which was by acclamation named "the Cornell University"—was passed, Mr. Cornell at once presented for its buildings and grounds 250 acres of land, a paleontological cabinet worth 10,000 dols.; books to the amount of 3,000 dols.; all of which was exclusive of the 500,000 dols. already added to the main fund, and 100,000 dols. which he had given to establish a public library for the town of Ithaca. It is also well known by those intimately acquainted with the history of the institution, that these sums do not, by nearly 300,000 dols., represent the munificence of Ezra Cornell to it. Resolved that there should be no hitch in the matter, and finding that, by the law of Congress, the land scrip could not be located by the State, but only by individuals, he promptly, and without thought whether it would remunerate him, bought scrip representing 450,000 acres of the land, by which the greater part of its capital was made immediately available to the University. He also brought his shrewdness as a business man to the advantage of his darling university. When the trustees were being appointed, Cornell named several men who had never been heard of; after they had been chosen, out of deference to him, it was discovered that they were men who owned large estates in Wisconsin and Kansas—the neighbourhood of the educational lands awarded New York—and had acquired just the knowledge about these lands which would be useful in keeping out swindlers, and making the utmost out of them.

Ezra Cornell, in announcing the idea of education which he desired the University to promote, used, unconsciously perhaps, almost the exact words in which Wilhelm von Humboldt declared its great and leading principle to be "the absolute and essential importance of human development in its richest diversity." The first conviction of its founders is that "there exists a necessity, never yet fully met, for thorough education in various special departments, and, among them, the science and practice of agriculture, industrial mechanics, and kindred departments of thought and action." They also have laid it down as a principle that "no single course be insisted upon for all alike; that various combinations of studies be provided to meet various minds and different plans." Thus the University starts on a basis essentially new. The old studies will have their place, but science and the practical arts of life will rank by their side, or take precedence; and the freest

scope will be given to every individual taste. But the chief peculiarity, as we have already intimated, is, that for students who have not the means to bear the expenses of their own maintenance, work will be provided, and paid for at the high regular wages

proved implements and tools for working in iron and wood. Here they will manufacture tools, machinery, models, patterns, etc. The erection of the additional buildings required for the University will furnish employment for years to students in need of it. There



ITHACA, STATE OF NEW YORK.

current in America. The following letter addressed by Mr. Cornell to the *New York Tribune*, when the University was first opened, is too characteristic to be omitted here :—

"I would inform all who may desire the information, that, in organising the University, the trustees aimed to arrange a system of manual labour which, while it would be compulsory upon none, would furnish all the students of the University with the opportunity to develop their physical strength and vigour by labour, the fair compensation for which would pay the expenses of their education. Students will be employed in cultivating and raising, on a farm of 300 acres, the various productions best suited to furnish the college tables. These will include live stock for producing milk, butter, and cheese, and to be killed for meat; grain for bread, and vegetables and fruits of all kinds suited to the climate and soil. Mechanical employment will be given to all in the machine shop of the University. This will be equipped with an engine of 25 horse-power, lathes, planing-machines for iron and wood, and all the most im-

proved implements and tools for working in iron and wood. Here they will manufacture tools, machinery, models, patterns, etc. The erection of the additional buildings required for the University will furnish employment for years to students in need of it. There will also be employment in laying out, grading, road-making, and improving and beautifying the farm and grounds of the University. The work done by students will be paid for at the current rates paid elsewhere for like services. The work will be done under the supervision of the professors, and competent superintendents and foremen. It will be the constant aim of the trustees and faculty of the University to render it as attractive and instructive as possible, and especially to make it conducive to the health, growth, and physical vigour of the students, besides affording them the means of self-support and independence while receiving all the advantages of the University. With such combined facilities for instruction and maintenance, all the expenses of a first-class faculty and of tuition being paid by the endowment, I trust that no person who earnestly desires to be thoroughly educated will find difficulty in becoming so by his own exertions at the Cornell University. We already have students who entered three months in advance of the opening of the University, to avail themselves of the opportunity to earn two dollars per day

'through haying and harvest, and thus make a sure thing of it.' Such boys will get an education, and will make their mark in the world in the use of it. In conclusion, I will assure the boys that if they will perform one-fourth as much labour as I did at their ages, or as I do now at sixty years of age, they will find no difficulty in paying their expenses while prosecuting their studies at Ithaca."

It is estimated that the ordinary cost to a student for a year at the Cornell University will be a little under 250 dollars, which will be the lowest rate offered anywhere for such an education. Arrangements have also been made for the further aid of poor students, by the institution of liberal prizes for proficiency in various departments.

The act of the New York Legislature organising Cornell University makes it an organic part of the educational system of the State. The governor, lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, superintendent of public instruction, and speaker of the House of Assembly, are *ex officio* trustees of the University.

The president of the State Agricultural Society is also a member of the board of trustees. By the act of the United States Congress (1842), under which the lands were granted, though there is a permissive phrase about "other scientific and classical branches," the primary purpose of the grant devotes it "to teaching such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." Cornell is therefore bound to give prominence to these studies. The Legislature of New York also provides that "the several departments of study shall be open to applicants for admission at the lowest rates of expense consistent with its welfare and efficiency, and without distinction as to rank, class, previous occupation, or locality;" and that each district of the State which is entitled to a representative in the assembly "shall be entitled also to have educated, without any and all matriculation or tuition fees, the student to be selected by the highest educational authorities of each district, solely as a reward for superior scholarship in the academies and public schools of the same." This admits to free education 128 students, and is the only advantage which the citizens of New York have over those of any other part of the world with regard to the University.

A large staff of professors has already been collected. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his introductory lecture from the Chair of History, said he conceived that the foundation of this University was an indication and a consequence of two tendencies which were visible in the old country, but were more marked in America—a tendency to adopt a more practical education in place of the old classical system, and a tendency to elevate labour in the social scale, and to give the labourer a larger share of the intellectual advantages of civilisation. As contrasted with the Universities of England, the Cornell University struck him as being emancipated from the mediæval system of faculties and other trammels imposed on study by the old mediæval system, and also as not being under direct clerical or ecclesiastical control, the removal of which from a seat of science and education by no means implied, in his opinion, or according to his experience, any diminution of the real influence of religion. The education was to be practical, and its test was to be practical success in life; but the object of cultivating the mind at the same time was not to

be neglected. It was intended to include in the course of instruction everything really essential to the citizen or the man.

The town of Ithaca, near which the University is located, is as yet a small place, containing about 1,500 inhabitants. It is situated near the head of Cayuga Lake on a plain which gradually rises to a hill about 500 feet higher than the lake, from which opens a prospect as picturesque as that commanded by the hills of the Ionian island after which it is named. The town is regularly laid out and handsomely built. It has iron foundries, cotton and woollen factories, three newspapers (one a daily), and churches representing eight denominations. Three massive college buildings, built of the dark and light stone of the country, after the Florentine style, already crown the hill above the town, and two more are being rapidly constructed.

THE MUSE OF COMMERCE.

THE practice of puffing in verse would appear to be as old at least as the art of printing, seeing that printed verse puffs are found among the oldest forms of advertisements. Among the most ancient which have come down to us, if we exclude from the category the adulatory effusions appended in such abundance to the earliest works issued from the press, are the brief and pithy inscriptions attached to the signboards which were the universal insignia of tradesmen's shops in olden times. We are not going to quote any of these, feeling that if we were to touch upon that ground we should assuredly be lured beyond the limits of an article. We must skip the doggerel that has had its day, and confine our remarks to what has passed and is passing under our own observation.

Fifty years ago the traveller journeying by coach to London—from the west, say—drove for the last twenty miles or so along a road bordered with colossal puffs of somebody's blacking. Banks, fences, hoardings, brick walls, gable-ends, every point of vantage, in short—were all shouting in characters of prodigious size in praise of the incomparable blacking; as if blacking were the chief thing, or the only thing, for which London cared a doit. If the new-comer picked up this impression as he rode along, he was hardly likely to lose it on his arrival in the capital; for every newspaper proclaimed the sovereignty of blacking, while the only illustrations then to be seen on any newspaper page were a picture of a cat swearing and setting up her back at her own reflection in a polished boot, and another of a furiously whiskered fellow flourishing a razor at his hirsute face, with the said boot for a mirror. And to supplement the painter's art came in that of the poet, for always beneath these striking pictures were printed certain lyrical effusions of a character equally striking. These performances continued in vogue, if our recollection be not greatly at fault, for at least twenty years, during which it is tolerably certain that almost every conceivable incident in life which could be contemplated from the blacking point of view, or made subservient to the reputation of the unrivalled jet polish, was sung in sonorous iambs or tripping dactyls. The classical climax was reached when an impecunious Oxonian contracted with the Messrs. Upper Leather, of Shoe Lane, for a series of "Imitations of the Odes of Horace," to be distilled into the vernacular through the alembic of

the blacking-bottle, and each and all of them served up as harmonious puffs of the incomparable fluid. As cruel fate would have it, only one of the metamorphosed odes ever came forth; somehow the enterprising rival of Day and Martin collapsed on a sudden, and that grand literary undertaking was never completed.

The commercial muse of to-day disports itself largely in the execution of sartorial songs and sonnets, which are to a great extent the production of professed poets who are literary members of the working establishments of the omnivorous slopsellers. "O trumpery! O Moses!"—as the great Cicero hasn't it—what are we coming to, when the modern scald, the prophetic vates, bestrides a tailor's goose for a pegasus—when it is the cabbage and not the laurel which constitutes his bardic crown and wreaths his honoured brows—and the sacred nine descend and sing the glories of little master Jacky's knickerbockers and paterfamilias's pantaloons at seventeen and six! What magnificent largess rewards the laureate of the sleeve-board? Is he nourished on Castalian viands? Does he quaff the blusful Hippocrene in Idalia's bowers? Or is he debarred from the empyrean by sublunary predicaments, and compelled to "troublesome disguises" under the iron despotism of poverty? Perhaps a specimen of his outpourings may aid us towards a solution of these queries. Here is one:—

"The Spring and Summer seasons
Are rife with fashions new,
And afford abundant reasons
Your wardrobe to renew.
The colours and new mixtures
And materials are such,
Praise how you may, you never can
Admire them too much.
Frock, business, or riding coats,
In novel styles you'll see:
Light cool summer overcoats
That surpassed will never be.
Our yachting jackets, you'll admit,
Are all you can desire
As exquisitely, gentlemanly
Nautical attire."

And so on, at considerable length and with equal harmony and profundity. We refrain from quoting more of these stanzas, having the fear of consequences before our eyes in these times of wholesale plagiarism, when "all rights" are so jealously and prudently "reserved."

Shoemakers have been known as an imaginative and poetic race from time out of mind. One reason for this may be that they have peculiar advantages in their profession. They naturally hammer out verses as they hammer out the sole-leather on the lapstone. That regular pounding of the tough bull-hide is of itself metrical; and without, it may be, knowing anything of the philosophy of rhythmic motion, the shoemaker is the unconscious subject and illustration of it. He speaks in numbers because the numbers come: that up-and-down dab of the hammer on the yielding leather influences his utterances, just as one musical vibration influences another, and he is vocal in verse because he can no more help it than one pendulum can help wagging when another of the same length is set wagging near it. The incident force is irresistible, and therefore the cobbler's utterances are lyrical. How he can improvise under such compulsion the following samples will show:—

"O deary me," said Mistress D.,
'I am as tired as tired can be
Of buying shoes; it seems no use;
They are gone in no time, as you see.

There's Bob, and Bill, and little Jill,
Master and me—do what I will,
With all my buying, scheming, trying,
At best are only half-shod still.
And pound on pound, I will be bound,
I've spent in shoe-shops all around;
But cheap and dear alike are queer;
It seems that good shoes can't be found.
'Well, Mistress D.," said Mistress E.,
'You've been unlucky, I can see;
At Dash's shop I never miss
To get the goods that will suit me.
For boot and shoe, and slipper too,
Excelled by none, and matched by few,
You'll on them pop, at Dash's shop,
And find they keep their promise true."

The lapstone evidently played a merry hilt during the birth-throes of the above lively strain: that it pulsed to a more romantic and somewhat mysterious movement under the inspiration of the following is also evident:—

"I that rustic path was treading,
When the sun his rays was shedding—
Beaming, gleaming, fairly streaming through the trees;
And I watched the streamlet glistening,
As entranced I there was listening
To the melting merry music on the breeze—
When, beneath a tree reclining,
Where no ray of sun was shining,
Lo! I saw a fellow-being on the ground!
Though no other feature shifted,
Quickly soon his eyes he lifted—
Upward lifted, as he wildly looked around.
'Good friend,' said I, approaching,
'Do not charge me with encroaching,
Are you waiting for some messenger of news?'
But no other word he uttered,
And no other sentence muttered,
Save, 'You'll find there's none like Dash's boots and shoes.'
'That's a strange expression, surely!'
Said I, looking down demurely.
'I trust, good sir, that you the question will excuse.'
But he only looked the prouder,
As he spoke the words the louder—
'There's always perfect comfort in Dash's boots and shoes!'
'Why, bless me, man!' I shouted,
As his sanity I doubted,
'Tis surely nought to me what people's goods you use.'
But he only cried the higher,
With enthusiastic fire,
'You'll save your cash by wearing Dash's boots and shoes!'
So I left him there reclining,
Where no ray of sun was shining,
And frequently I wondered at the words the man did use;
Thinking surely 'twas a mystery,
And that some portentous history
Was weaving in one web myself and Dash's boots and shoes!
So then I resolved to try them;
Nay, I felt constrained to buy them,
And, behold! I've cause for gladness
That the words I deemed were madness
Induced me thus to purchase Dash's matchless boots and shoes."

Productions of this kind, whatever we may think of them, prove that the mechanical "faculty of verse" is very widely distributed. Why a man behind the counter who happens to have the gift should not turn a penny, or a pound, by it, there is no reason that we can see. That the rhyme is forthcoming for a useful purpose is reason enough that it should come forth, and it will be of use if it serves, as it is likely enough to do, to impress facts on the mind of the reader. When the facts to be imprinted on the memory are a mere catalogue of goods, it does seem anomalous at the first blush that they should take the form of verse; but at any rate there is precedent for it in Homer's catalogue of ships, and also in Milton's grandest of epics. How the thing is sometimes done by the shopkeeper may be learned from the

extract here given, which is part of a catalogue of general goods drawn up by a general dealer:—

"Come to my store, and you will find
I've articles to suit your mind,
And am particularly rich in
All wares to furnish forth your kitchen.
For wooden-bowl, or neat-hooped tub,
For dusting brush, or brush to scrub,
For besom, bucket, broom, or mop,
You'll hardly find so cheap a shop.
I've pots and pans in shining metals,
Gridirons grim, and copper kettles,
Dutch-ovens, saucepans, boilers burly,
And crocks for simmering late and early.
I've pickles and preserves a many,
And sauces, too, as good as any,
And herrings red, and Yarmouth bloaters,
And sardines, real out-and-outers—
And potted meats and marmalade,
Bath chaps, and Oxford collared head—
And lobsters from old Ocean's bed,
Sealed up in tins; and oysters too,
In the same way prepared for you.
In short, I've everything you need
Your table to embellish,
Or give your meals a relish—
I have, I have, I have indeed."

etc., etc., to the extent of a couple of columns of small print, each near half a yard in length.

A tea merchant thus puts in his claim for the cup that cheers:—

"For persons of every class and degree,
A true acquisition is Chang's famous Tea;
And, while, for adapting itself to all minds,
It consists of a notable number of kinds,
Each kind hath its merits peculiar, its zest;
And then, as by all candid critics confessed,
Its properties, genuine always and sound,
Establish a fitness for all the year round!
Fair ladies, assembled at snug 'kettle-drum,'
Through Chang's famous Tea more chatty become.
Digestion it lightens; keen care it allays;
Your nights it composes; it lengthens your days;
For thinking, for writing, for making of gain,
It stimulates, clears, and refreshes the brain.
Best friend to the stomach, the head, the heart,
It helps the whole system, above doctors' art.
For cheering your life, through all stages or grooves,
The mildest, the safest of cordials it proves,
Attending you still, like a thrice-willing slave,
Almost from the cradle, well-nigh to the grave!
In Chang's famous Tea many comforts I spy;
If you doubt what I say, take a cup-full and try."

Not a few establishments in London "keep a poet," or at least extend occasional patronage to rude versifiers of this class. We have met with a country bookseller, who may be reasonably supposed to have cultivated some acquaintance with the muses, and who sings a rather more polished strain; but his performance is long and varied, and suffers greatly by being read in detached fragments. He takes a cheerful view of things in general, and of his business in particular, and we can but agree in his remark—

"That most people find a dull tale something sweeter,
When told with the charm of a light-flowing metre,
With a twist or a curl here and there by the way,
Just for keeping the risible muscles in play."

Occasionally he indulges in certain twists and pleasantries accordingly, not without a gentle touch of satire here and there, as when he says—

"Should you want a new work his stock does not embrace,
Only name it, and give but a day or two's grace,
From the publisher's store this he quickly receives,
While a fine scent of freshness still lurks in the leaves;
A freshness which every true book-lover thinks
Adds a zest to the classical knowledge he drinks."

But although the country bookseller exceeds in length, there are others who in that respect cast him entirely in the shade; for the commercial muse sometimes deals in long fictions in prose, as well as in metre, and gives us, instead of a modest handbill, a bulky pamphlet. The sewing-machine seems to be a fertile source of inspiration with a certain class of singers who evidently have *carte blanche* allowed them, and who, it is to be hoped, find their account in inditing laudations by the fathom of that useful domestic engine. It were harsh to criticise these outpourings—the productions of shopkeeping bards to times when customers were scant. Puffing in verse is after all an innocent art; the gentle Cowper, we may remind the reader, was quite an adept at it, and there is assuredly no reason why, since it serves a useful purpose, it should not be tolerated. It is at the worst but an economical way of indulging a man's bent. It may be remarked, too, that in wooing the muse the shopkeeper has a substantial advantage over the mere man of genius; for when the grocer or the cobbler "strikes the sounding lyre," even if he wins no renown, he will be pretty sure to win custom over the counter; while the other, failing to acquire fame, wastes his efforts altogether.

GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

THE TREASURY.

THE Treasury is the Government office which controls all the others. It is presided over by the Prime Minister, assisted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, without whose consent, because action involves expenditure, none of the other offices can move hand or foot. To the Treasury are sent from all the spending departments of State estimates of probable requirements both in kind and in money value, of all articles used. Without its sanction no new expenditure can be incurred, and all excesses and deficiencies upon the respective votes have to be explained to it for the information of Parliament. It is the department which both controls the expenditure of the country, and provides the means for meeting that expenditure. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is he who may really be said to hold the purse-strings of the nation, and he it is who, having proposed the ways and means by which the public revenue may be raised, is answerable, supposing his proposals be agreed to, for the way in which that revenue is laid out. He is the Finance Minister of the Crown, and is subordinate only to the First Lord of the Treasury; because that officer, combining in himself, as he generally does, the office of Prime Minister, must for that reason be supreme. The Prime Minister is of course consulted as to the propriety of imposing certain particular taxes, and generally as to the conditions of the budget, but he next to never appears as the ruler of finance.

The control of the Treasury over the other departments of Government is not merely nominal; it is direct. By consent of the Treasury only can the pay of the staff in the other offices be regulated, and any change in that respect, as in the case of the recent organisation of the Admiralty, must proceed by permission of the Treasury. The acquiescence of that department in excess of expenditure over estimate must also be obtained before this excess money is spent.

Under the Treasury is the control over those various miscellaneous services which so greatly excite the ani-

mosity and criticism of enterprising and independent members of Parliament. Thus the "secret service" money, which is voted in a lump, and respecting which the Government, whether Tory or Radical, refuses to give any explanation, is placed to the credit of the Treasury. It is expended in various ways which it is not convenient to mention, in rewarding persons for information, in buying knowledge that is useful but concealed; its chief outlet being at the foreign embassies of Great Britain. Certain of the learned societies are also subsidised out of grants from the Treasury chest. The rent of the Royal Geographical Society is paid on condition of their exhibiting to the public their collection of maps; the Royal Meteorological Society receives a grant in consideration of their furnishing certain scientific information which it is for the general advantage to possess; and other learned societies have for like reasons grants in aid. Then the whole of the law charges of the kingdom are defrayed by the Treasury, there being no Minister of Justice responsible for estimate and expenditure of legal expenses. It is for the Finance Minister to say what shall and what shall not be allowed in this connection; he also decides in all questions of bounty and percentages, which are sometimes paid for the encouragement of particular trades. The extent to which the colonies shall receive pecuniary assistance from the mother country; which particular part of the kingdom or of the empire shall be helped at the general expense is also determined by the authorities of the Treasury, who are in fact the public purse-keepers; giving out to the several departments the sums of money voted for their special service, and requiring a strict account of them, but guarding jealously the remainder of what the House of Commons has agreed to spend.

Estimates are prepared in all the public departments about December or January, detailing the specific services for which money is wanted, and the sum required for each. These estimates, which the Treasury always insist shall be kept down as much as possible, are subjected to close scrutiny with a view to excision of superfluous items, and are then presented to Parliament by the Ministers who have to spend the votes. These Ministers are responsible to the Treasury and also to Parliament for the proper expenditure of their votes, and it is their business to answer any questions that may be asked with reference to them.

The functions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are, as already explained, so different from those of the Prime Minister at the Treasury, that the Chancellor is practically at the head of the department. Formerly he was virtually the servant or *adlatus* of the Lord Treasurer, and was a legal adviser and in some sort a judge also, in matters where the revenue was concerned. The Court of Exchequer, which now sits at Westminster, used to be part of the king's household, and held its sessions in the palace. Over it presided in chief the Lord Chancellor, but that officer's time being so much taken up with matters of State, and as the Court of Chancery grew, of law also, a special deputy was appointed as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom was confided the duties of judge over the court. In the court were tried all suits affecting the royal revenue. If any one imagined he had suffered wrong at the hands of the revenue collectors; if any man refused to pay the taxes assessed upon him, or had anything to say why he should be excused payment, the suit was brought

in the Court of Exchequer, and was decided by the Chancellor or his deputy. So long as the business of the court was confined to such suits the Chancellor himself generally presided, the disposal of suits not making such long calls upon his time as to prevent him from attending to his other and more specially financial duties. But in process of time the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas getting more work upon their hands than they could well dispose of, and so occasioning delay, suitors had recourse to an artifice in order to obtain relief in the Court of Exchequer. They alleged that the defendant owed them money, and that if the money were not paid they would be unable to pay the customs and duties to the king. They therefore prayed the intervention of the court to enable them to discharge their obligations to the king. A vast quantity of business was thus thrown upon the court, the Chancellor found himself all unequal to the work, especially as financial business increased rapidly, and in due time left the whole of the legal functions of his office to deputies, the barons or men of the Exchequer.

The ancient jurisdiction of the court is still maintained in theory, but it is no longer necessary, in order to get justice in the Court of Exchequer, to aver that unless A. is compelled to pay B. what he owes him, B. will be unable to pay his debt to the sovereign. Now-a-days the Chancellor of the Exchequer never sits as a judge, indeed it very rarely happens that he is a lawyer; but he still retains a place in the court corresponding with his title, and at the beginning of Term sometimes takes his seat, arrayed in the robes which belong to the office. On certain other occasions he is also present, as on the trial of the pyx, an ancient ceremony at which is tested the coinage that has been made at the Mint during a certain period. This trial, in accordance with usage, is held before the Court of Exchequer, the Chancellor presiding *ex officio*; and the Master of the Mint, who is supposed to be on his trial, is acquitted or not by the judgment of the court.

In every other respect the legal functions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are practically nil, and since these have ceased he has risen into more importance as a Minister of the Crown. He is always a member of Parliament, and when the Prime Minister is a peer, is the leader of the Ministerial side in the House of Commons. He receives a salary of £5000 a year, is a Privy Councillor, and answers in fact to the Lord Treasurer of old days. With him and the Premier Lord of the Treasury, that is to say, the Prime Minister, lies all the patronage of some of the greatest departments of the State. The Inland Revenue and Customs departments, and generally speaking all the departments governed by Ministers, are in the hands of the Treasury for patronage, and appointments are made to them at the will of the Lords of the Treasury.

The offices of the Treasury are in Downing Street, and the establishment necessarily consists of a large number of persons. Besides the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, there are three junior Lords, two Secretaries in Parliament, one permanent Secretary, and a large number of clerks whose pay ranges between £700 and £900 a year. Supplementary clerks get salaries ranging between £100 and £500 a year. The usual test of educational merit has to be undergone in this as in other departments of Government, there being now positively no admission whatever to the ranks of the Civil Service

but through the office of the Civil Service Commissioners. The nature of the examination and all other particulars will be found in the annual report of the Commissioners which is presented to Parliament, and may be obtained for a small sum at the Queen's printers.

TWO MONTHS IN PALESTINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN."

VIII.

It was arranged that we should start at 8 A.M. on the 11th December, but as my travelling companions had a good deal of luggage which required to pass the custom-house, we did not get off till 10 A.M. I should wish to blot out of my journal the record of the next three days of our journey, as they are only a recital of personal troubles and suffering, were it not that my experience may be useful to future travellers. The morning looked very gloomy when we started, and we had just got a mile beyond the Damascus Gate when the black clouds that had been coming up from the south burst upon us with all the violence of a tropical storm, of rain and hail, and heavy gusts of wind. I attempted to put up my light silk umbrella, but before I could get it open it was blown into tatters. Now I found out my mistake in not having a properly made macintosh waterproof dress. My companions had furnished themselves in Edinburgh with a complete suit of india-rubber from head to foot. I had only an india-rubber sheet wrapped round me, which I found very inconvenient in riding, as one ought to have the hands and legs in perfect freedom. These storms, which continue for days, are the chief objects to guard against in providing travelling costume. A small portmanteau may carry all that is required for a two months' journey in Palestine, but the india-rubber suit is indispensable. Goloshes, leggings, overcoat, and cap, with lappet to come over the neck, a sheet, or one or two pieces of india-rubber cloth, very stout, should be taken to wrap round portmanteau, or other luggage, from the want of which we had our linen and books damaged.

It may be as well to mention here that the best time to travel in Palestine is in autumn and spring. In October and November one may escape these storms. In December and January they are certain, and run into March, when they are sometimes severe, so that one should always be prepared for them.

But to return to our journey. The rain fell in torrents, and when we got to the summit of Scopus, the last ridge that overlooks the Holy City, we were just able to turn our horses' heads to the storm, and take the last look at its domes and walls. We had little opportunity for sentiment, or quiet contemplation; but who can ever forget Jerusalem?

We left the scenes which I have described from the Hill of Gibeon on our left, passed by Ramah, and soon after midday arrived at Bereh, the Beeroth of Scripture. Here we took shelter in the ruins of an ancient mosque, and under its broken dome spread our carpet and had our lunch, after which we rode round to see the ruins of an old Gothic church built by the Knights Templars. It is still a very interesting ruin, but what will recall the name of this place to the Bible reader is its being one of the four cities inhabited by the Gibeonites when they made their wily league with Joshua.

We now struck off a little to the right, and at 4 P.M. reached Bethel. This was the first night of my experience in an Arab house. The wind was too high and the rain too heavy to admit of pitching our tents, and we found shelter in one of the few stone buildings in the village. This was a square vault arched over. The centre was occupied by the cattle. At the back was a raised granary, with places for the fowls to roost, and on one side, under the arch, which was leaking all over, was a raised platform where the village sheikh and his family resided.

Our dragoman made terms with them that they should turn out the cattle, and find shelter for themselves, leaving the platform to us. Mustafa was master of the occasion, and showed all his resources; got out candles, for there was no light except through the small aperture by which we entered. The cook set to work below us, and while they were laying out our beds and getting dinner ready, we remounted and rode round the ruins of the ancient city. Amongst these are the remains of an old Greek church, now covered with rubbish, but by creeping through the ruins we found portions of columns, and could trace out the form of the church. Scattered over the plateau of the ridge on which the village stands, there are still the *debris* of old Jewish architecture, and a cistern of nearly 300 feet square, which is clearly of ancient Jewish construction. Nothing but duty and curiosity would have tempted us then to explore these ruins under such unfavourable circumstances.

Our cook had prepared a good dinner for us, and as the rain increased, and the thunder rolled over our dark vault, we were half-inclined to congratulate ourselves that we were under shelter, dirty and miserable as it was. We lighted a brushwood fire, but the smoke got into our eyes; we tried to read, but found this impossible, and in self-defence turned into our beds. After a time our lights went out, and I then began to realise the density of the darkness, and the dismal scene around. The fatigues of the day began to tell upon me, and I felt inclined to dress and rush out into the storm which was still raging; and how glad I was when I heard the cocks crowing, and saw the first dawn of light struggling through the small door! Mustafa was soon in activity, and the old cook quickly got up a capital breakfast. The storm was still raging, and our muleteer began to show symptoms of mutiny and reluctance to pack up. Mustafa was called to account. The reply was that we should remain here for the day, that tents and baggage were saturated with the excessive rain, and the roads would be impassable in certain parts. To me it was simply a choice between being smoked and choked, or being drowned, and I preferred the latter alternative, and we all agreed that we should start; and with some scolding and loss of time we got off by 10 A.M.

It was our intention when we started from Jerusalem to make a journey of two days only to Nabulus, but the very severe weather and state of the roads, or rather the absence of all roads, interfered with this arrangement, and we resolved to stop the second night at Shiloh, but by some blunder or misunderstanding our muleteer pushed on to Nabulus, and left us helpless. The day proved worse than the previous one. The wind and rain were still heavy, and every passage flooded. Soon after leaving Bethel we came to an ascent leading through a deep gorge of the mountain, which was now swollen with a rapid torrent. The horses toiled up to the

girths, slipping and floundering over the sharp rugged precipice, till my companions got uneasy, dismounted and led their horses, picking their way along the rugged face of the ravine, over their knees in water. I had by this time gained complete confidence in my little horse, and was prepared to stick on his back wherever he would carry me. I gave him the reins, and he toiled on, sometimes actually pulling himself up by his forefeet till he got a fresh hold on the slippery limestone rock. We had not long surmounted this difficulty when we came to a swamp partly covered with water, and saturated to the depth of three or four feet. Here our mules broke down, and their burdens of beds, portmanteaus, etc., were lying in the mud. We remained on the borders of the swamp till we saw the animals recovered and reloaded, and then followed them with great difficulty, scarcely expecting that our horses would struggle through it.

We now saw before us the hill on which Shiloh stands, but between us and the ancient city, where the Ark was first planted in Canaan, "there was a deep gulf." A river lay at the base of the mountain, so swollen by the late rains, that we had great doubts of getting across. Mustafa, after taking a survey of the river up and down, spurred his horse over the soft bank into the rapid stream. The animal lost its footing and almost disappeared. Mustafa stuck to the saddle and got across with a good ducking. I was immediately behind him; and seeing no alternative but to follow, I plunged in, keeping my horse's head up the stream. My good little horse struggled across, with the water up to the saddle, and carried me safely over. I called on my friends to follow, but they made no movement; I then rode after our dragoman, who I found had gone in search of a fellah or shepherd to learn if there was any other safer ford. On returning we met our friends, who had taken courage from despair, and crossed the river a little higher, with less damage than ourselves. We arrived at Shiloh wet and weary about 5 P.M. Mustafa again procured us shelter in a miserable vault. I thought that our previous night's lodging was about the most wretched that any human being could occupy, but "in every depth there is a deeper still." At Bethel they took out the cattle, and found quarters for themselves, leaving us the stable and platform, but on this night our own horses and their cattle occupied the lower part, and we had to take our places on the raised platform with the family, consisting of three men, an old woman, and a little girl, the latter doing all the work while the men were smoking their pipes. I mentioned before that our mules and baggage had gone on, so that we had neither candles, charcoal, nor provisions. Their small oil cruse served only to make the dark more dismal. The vault was in every respect similar to that of the previous night, except that it was darker and dirtier. The encrustations of smoke seemed the accumulation of years.

It was time to think of our wet clothes. Some light brushwood was got from outside, and a fire kindled. The smoke could not escape, and soon filled our dungeon. There was no help for it but to dry our stockings at this fitful flame, as we had nothing dry to put on in the morning. Two or three neighbours had stepped in to stare at us, and gossip over the poor demented travellers helplessly wandering over a country in which they were strangers. When we proposed to retire the old sheikh brought out two suspicious-looking quilts, one of which we placed

below us, and made a covering of the other. The visitors having finished their pipes and their observations, the family prepared to retire. The old woman squatted down alongside the clergyman, the sheikh between her and the little girl, and the two others beyond them managed just as they could. The embers of the fire were now sinking, the dim lamp had gone out, and the darkness seemed intense; the thunder, the howling wind, and the pelting rain could be heard through the little aperture in the wall; the hard-boiled eggs and half-baked Arab scones "sat like a demon on my chest." I could get no rest, and it was frequently a question with me whether I would go out and face the storm or remain in this dungeon to be stifled. This state of things was occasionally relieved by the quarrels of the horses and donkeys, and the remonstrances of their keepers. Towards morning the rain abated a little, and as we had no packing to do we got on horseback soon after daylight, and rode round the village, but saw very little of interest. There are the ruins of an old church of the time of the Crusaders, with a few broken Corinthian columns. There is nothing now but the name "Saelin," and the wretched Arab village, to indicate the site of the ancient Jewish city. Towards noon the day cleared up, and we were able to enjoy the scenery, which is as fine as any in Palestine, "on that highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebanon." The hill-sides were clothed with olives and cultivated terraces, presenting a more healthy appearance than anything we had seen on this journey; and as we approached Nabulus, riding along the slopes of Mount Gerizim, the scenery became magnificent. Below us was a long fertile valley, which needed nothing but good farming to give it the appearance of some of our own rich straths; but here there is no safe home for the farmer, who has to carry his plough and produce to those miserable villages perched on the face of the hill, where he can find a combined safety for his small flock and crop. Before entering the Valley of Nabulus, we made a short detour to "Jacob's Well," memorable for the interview between our Saviour and the woman of Samaria. This is now surrounded with ruins. Under a broken arch is a vault or cave, such as we see everywhere through Palestine. At the bottom of the vault is the mouth of the well. We were told that this was some fifty or sixty feet deep. We threw down some stones, and found there was water at the bottom, but no use is now made of it.

We next proceeded up the richly watered and cultivated valley to the city, and not venturing to pitch our tents, we took up our quarters at a large and comfortable khan. This being Sunday, we enjoyed the rest of the day, and read up our Bible history and scriptural events. Next morning, our dragoman informed us that the tents, etc., were so saturated and heavy, that it was necessary to have them dried, and as the day proved fine, we took advantage of the sunshine to turn out our books and linen for the same purpose. At noon, we ascended Mount Gerizim to see the ruins of the temple, and the place where the Samaritans still hold the Passover. This is a hard pull on foot, being more than 1000 feet above the town, and over a steep and rugged road. We might have had donkeys, but did not estimate the difficulties of the journey. The present massive ruins have nothing of the Jewish character about them, but are Roman, and the foundations of a Christian church may be as late as the

period of the Crusaders. The summit is covered with extensive ruins. The large stones pointed out as covering those that were brought up by Joshua from the Jordan, have more the appearance of scarped rock than natural stones. The view from the summit of the mountain is among the finest and most extensive in Palestine. I was fortunate enough to have an introduction to M. Fallscheer, who is in charge of Bishop Gobat's school. After we had inspected the school, and heard the boys read portions of the Scriptures in Arabic and English, and sung an English hymn, he was good enough to be our guide through the city. There are few objects of sufficient interest to reward one for wading through the narrow and dirty streets. There is throughout the town and valley a profusion of water, but instead of being guided by aqueducts for use and ornament, much of it is allowed to run at large, mingling with accumulated dirt and offal, till the streets become almost impassable. They have a number of marble fountains or troughs throughout the city, which from their style of ornamentation seem to have been Greek and Roman sarcophagi. This profusion of fine water renders the whole valley rich and fertile. The olive, orange, lemon, and fig trees, yield abundant crops, and all table vegetables are cheap and plentiful, and in the hands of an industrious people, and a just and liberal government, the beauty of this valley would be unrivalled. Groping our way through dark arches, and along the margin of open sewers, we reached the Samaritan synagogue. The old rabbi, a man of pleasing manners and intelligence, received us very kindly, and led us into the synagogue, and brought out the celebrated scroll from behind the screen, or altar. This scroll is said to be very ancient, and is a copy of the "Pentateuch." The depth of the parchment is about fourteen inches, and it is said to measure about eighty feet. It is rolled on two metal bars, and enclosed in a silver embossed case, which bears the appearance of Venetian art of the 12th or 13th century. He offered to show us several other ancient MSS., but our curiosity was satisfied with the one to which I have referred. It is a poor, small, and bare building, and forms the residence of the rabbi and his family. There are altogether about 150 Samaritans in Nablus, and one wonders how these few, so intelligent and enterprising, should have held so long to their ancient traditions, as they were not Jews or bound to the Jewish faith. The Crusaders have here, as elsewhere, left some relics of their perverted Christianity. Their church is now an empty neglected mosque; near it there is a building called "the Crusader's Tower," of the same date, from the top of which we had a fine view of the city, and down the green valley as far as "Jacob's Well," and the slopes of the two mountains, Gerizim and Ebal.

M. Fallscheer informed me that the population is increasing since the cotton trade sprang up, and is now estimated at 14,000, of whom about 1000 are Christians. I found none of that fanaticism among the Mohammedan inhabitants to which former travellers have referred. We walked through the bazaars, peeped into the courts of their houses and mosques, and chatted with the inhabitants, through our interpreter, without any symptoms of insolence or insult.

Our dragoman and his men were glad of these two days' rest, as it enabled them to get their tents and coverings dried, and to lay in some provisions.

Varieties.

SOVEREIGNS.—The weight of a brand-new sovereign as it comes from the Mint is at present 123.274 grains. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes that the sovereign should weigh 122.274, leaving one per cent. as a seigniorage for coining. At present gold bullion is coined without charge at the Mint.

THE CRACOW NUN.—"In a dark, stinking hole, on a heap of straw, sat, or rather cowered, a naked, wild-grown, half-witted woman, who, at the unusual appearance of light and human beings, dropped her hands and implored piteously, 'I am hungry; pity me, give me meat; I will be obedient.' This dungeon, with its little straw and much filth, and a dish of mouldy potatoes, without fire, bed, table, or even chair, which no sunstreak cheered or fire-blaze ever warmed, had the inhuman 'Sisters' chosen as the dwelling-place for their should-be companion; there had they imprisoned her year after year since 1848. For twenty-one years did those dreadful sisters pass that cell, and to none of them had it ever entered to take compassion on their poor victim. And now, half human, half beast, with her body covered with dirt, with her legs shrunk and withered, with her head squalid, diseased, year-upon-year-long unwashed, a terrible being revealed herself, such as Dante himself, with all his powers, could not have depicted or imagined. So kneeled there that woful victim in the convent of the Carmelites."—*Vienna Paper.*

DOG LICENCES.—The Post-office, which had already undertaken the distribution of forms of applications for dog licences, now undertakes the distribution of the licences themselves. During the first quarter of the present year 381,476 licences were issued by the Post-office; 340,613 in England and Wales, and 40,863 in Scotland.

AMERICAN EDITOR OF THE RIGHT STAMP.—At the funeral of the late Mr. J. T. Raymond, editor of the "New York Times," the Rev. Stephen Tyng read the funeral service of the Church of England, and Mr. Henry Ward Beecher delivered an address on the occasion. Mr. Horace Greeley, of the "Tribune," and other well-known New York journalists, were among the mourners. Mr. Beecher, in his eulogium, said—"There is no place in the land which has so developed the daily press as this: and among the builders—I do not say the founders—but among the builders up of this foundation stands Mr. Raymond pre-eminently. Aside from his general abilities, he has conducted the press—and it is most grateful in such a time as this to remark upon it—I remark how singularly free his whole career has been from bitterness; how he refused to gain strength by the advocacy of passion; how he never used the malign passions, nor appealed to them in others; how reason and the higher moral sentiments breathed in his work; how to you in these higher feelings he uttered himself. And now that he has departed, to look back upon his career and see how he wielded the mighty engine in behalf of good reason, in behalf of moral sentiments, covers a multitude of imperfections."

PEABODY TRUST FOR EDUCATION IN SOUTHERN STATES.—In presenting his munificent gift of three and a half millions of dollars for educational purposes in the Southern States, Mr. Peabody wrote this touching letter:—"I do this with the earnest hope and in the sincere trust that with God's blessing upon the gift, and upon the deliberations and future action of yourselves and your general agent, it may enlarge the sphere of usefulness already entered upon, and prove a permanent and lasting boon, not only to the Southern States, but to the whole of our dear country, which I have ever loved so well, but never so much as now in my declining years; and at this time (probably the last occasion I shall ever have to address you), as I look back over the changes and the progress of nearly three-quarters of a century, I pray that Almighty God will grant to it a future as happy and noble in the intelligence and virtues of its citizens as it will be glorious in unexampled power and prosperity." The trustees include some of the most distinguished citizens of the States. The plan pursued by the Board is to give aid to the support of normal schools for educating teachers, and to grant small appropriations to communities that promise to raise as much more for educational purposes by their individual efforts. This princely gift will cause George Peabody's name to be long cherished by that unfortunate section of America to which, after the desolations of war, in the midst of political strifes and threatened revenge from the conquerors, he was the first to extend a helping hand.